# Oliver Boardman

# Rationale

I have chosen to write a narrative story in the superhero genre with Action and mystery elements. I have a strong interest in superheroes, and I believe that I could write a good story in the genre, As I often write comic books with these characters. The purpose of the narrative is to entertain the reader I will do this by creating engaging story and characters with the traditional elements of the superhero genre. The narrative will contain a conflict and resolution. The intended audience is people between the ages of 10 and 30, because this is the ages that the most people are interested in the superhero genre which is mostly enjoyed by young people. I am going to write from a third person point of view because it is easier to show multiple characters perspectives, a full view of the plot with information and perspective from multiple characters.

# True Power

In the dark shadows of the night a man was running swiftly through the streets and alleyways of a massive sprawling city. In the individual's hands he was holding a woman's handbag. He ran, and ran, and ran, he knew where he was, he knew that Oliver Mim City was protected. The man kept going until he hit a dead end, a dark rainy alleyway. His breath was heavy and stifled, "I think... I think I'm safe," he whispered out loud to himself.

At that moment, the moonlight began to shine from above and glow upon the narrow space. Then suddenly it was clear that the man was not alone. A large muscular figure was standing before him, beneath a crimson mask a deep voice bellowed, "A criminal like you is never safe on this island." The criminal looked up in fear at the person standing before him, embroidered in red on the grey coloured suit was the letters MMA.

The criminal thought for a second before asking "MMA?"

The baritone voice replied, "Yeah, Mixed Martial Artist. And if you don't know what that means then you're in luck, cause I'm going to show you." Before the criminal could let that sink in, he is sent backwards by a spinning hook kick followed by a sweeping punch to the face. The criminal tried to run but was hit in the back of the head by a boomerang. MMA picked up the handbag and threw the criminal over his shoulder. He dropped the criminal off at the police station before giving the handbag back to the old woman from whom it had been stolen.

The next day, MMA sat in his apartment. Out of his costume, he was Jack Binder, a grocery store worker, and martial artist. Jack was tired after a long day of fighting the crime of the city, and he sat on his bed in his tiny apartment. The blue glow of the television was the only thing lighting the room. Jack looked up and watched the news story, it was about the Mim Defenders. "The Mim Defenders, the islands very own superhero team, has just been surprised with statues built in their honour in the town park today, for their endless commitment to keeping our city a safe place to live," announced the news reporter.  Jack looked at the screen, The Mim Defenders had at one point tried to recruit MMA, but Jack turned them down by telling them he worked alone. In his opinion, working with other superheroes was an annoying and unnecessary task especially those with powers.

Suddenly, the television went to static with a *Shhkkkkk* before the picture changed to that of a massive, grotesque, green face. It wasn't just

coming from Jack's tv, across the city every television, radio, phone, speaker, electronic billboard, even the sirens of police cars, ambulances, and even ice cream trucks, all of it was replaced with the following message, "Greetings human beings, we are the Azak, if our prisoner doesn't make himself known in the next twelve hours your planet will be destroyed. We have captured your super beings and you have no defences." The message replayed and repeated over and over through every digital device, and every analogue device too. Jack staggered back in horror, every superpowered hero had been kidnapped somehow.

As that sentence reverberated across the city, chaos began to fester in the streets. With the heroes of earth gone, everybody was wondering how the planet could possibly survive this ordeal. While Jack sat there in shock, on the other side of the island another hero stood in her bedroom, putting on her superhero outfit, equally scared but also determined. Colina Hill had a lot in common with Jack Binder, both were Superheroes without powers, trained in martial arts and using boomerangs as their weapon of choice. But Colina was a lot younger, and a lot more reckless than MMA. When she heard the broadcasts, she knew that the chaos and hysteria would be unimaginable and put on her suit and jumped out her window with a front-flip, ready to do her part as Devilina Dare, the young and energetic hero of Yestville.

Above the island, in a floating home, a man sat at his kitchen table listening to the repeated message on the radio. On his back was a jetpack, though these days he didn't use it that much he couldn't ever take it off. It was fused to his body. He was known to people by the name of Jetpack Steve. Once upon a time, Steve had been a superhero but he had retired long ago. Steve knew it was up to him, and the other non-powered heroes of the island, to fight back against the threat and save everybody.

Steve grabbed his laptop and opened it. The repeated message from the Azak ship was still playing, but Steve knew that he could trace the signal and find the coordinates they were coming from. It took 20 minutes, but Jetpack Steve managed to build a device which would follow the signal and lead him to it. Steve was prepared, but as he thought about the situation, he realised that he could never do this alone. Jetpack Steve needed to find some other superheroes to help him. He sent out a message of his own, a message for help, "Hello people of Oliver Mim Island, I am Jetpack Steve. The enemy may have captured our powered

individuals, but you don’t need to have superstrength, or heat manipulation, or even the ability to fly, to be a hero. Heroism comes from inside, and I know there must be other people on this island who are heroes. If you are out there, come and meet me at the Mim Defenders compound.”

One by one, across the island Steve’s message spread too on another signal than that of the first. Jack stood outside as he heard it, he always liked to work alone but desperate times do call for desperate measures. Jack mounted his motorcycle and rode off, in the direction of the compound.

Colina was stood on a rooftop in full costume when she heard Steve’s broadcast, never one not to take an opportunity to help somebody, she flipped down from the ledge, landing at the bus stop below. After a few minutes the next bus came and she got in, the civilians riding couldn’t keep their eyes off her, watching the superhero take the bus!

Jetpack Steve waited at the base. It wasn’t long before MMA entered the building. The large man of grey and black was a sight to behold. “I’m MMA,” he said, “I’ve come to help save these people”. MMA sat down at the oval-shaped wooden table where Steve was seated.

Jetpack Steve smiled, “It’s nice that somebody can rise above like you, MMA, it takes a lot to show up”.

Steve held out his hand and MMA shook it. “I don’t usually team up. I tend to be more of a one man show”.

*SLAM!* The door opened once more, someone in a dual-tone costume walked in holding a boomerang in each hand. “Let’s do this!” she said. Jetpack Steve and MMA looked up from the table to the person in the pink and purple.

“Have you come to help?” Steve asked. Jack noticed that her suit coincidentally looked a lot like his.

“Of course, I am, I live on this island so it’s kinda my responsibility to help defend it, right?” She said, holding out her gloved hand for a handshake, “Devilina Dare, Nice to meet you guys.”

After introducing themselves, the heroes were ready to fight. Steve reached his hand into his pocket and pulled out the tracking device he

had built. “This will show us where to go, I can take us there with my Jetpack Car,” Steve explained to the team.

MMA looked at Steve, “Are you sure that’s powerful enough to lift all our weight?” He asked.

Steve replied, “I’m sure. This thing is very powerful, it got me through some tough situations back in the day.”

Jetpack Steve led the other two to the Jetpack Car. MMA hopped in the passenger seat and Devilina Dare sat in the backseat. The car began to rise into the sky and before they knew it the three of them were flying through the sky. “How does this even…? This is so cool!” Colina exclaimed with excitement. MMA took off his mask, feeling the wind in his hair and loving it.

Jack’s organised mind had already come up with a plan, “Alright, if we can just get the powered heroes free, they can control the chaos down below while we convince the aliens to leave us alone.” Steve and Colina agreed that it was a good plan.

The car landed in the spaceship’s landing bay. The trio of heroes were prepared for whatever was coming their way. Jack turned to the other heroes, “Okay let’s stick to the plan and save the world” he said. The three of them got out of the Jetpack Car and made their way into a corridor with dim lights.

“They’re this way” said Steve “but be careful, the enemy could be around any corner.”

Jack and Colina walked right behind Steve ready and prepared to fight. Jack peeked around a corner and saw a group of alien guards. “There’s some Azak there, and they’re armed.” He whispered to the others.

Colina pulled out her boomerangs, “I can distract them with these” she said. She threw a boomerang around the corner which made a loud sound as it clattered against the wall. The guards ran towards the sound as the heroes ran past.

Steve looked at the others as they walked toward a door and said “The other heroes are in this room. Let’s go save them!” Jack and Colina followed Steve into the room. Inside, every single powered superhero stood unconscious, trapped in an energy field.

“Oh my god,” Jack said, “They really got all of them.” Jack looked at the faces in the tubes of energy. “They got everyone, Oblitalion, Ross the Boss, even Toast Girl. The level of power in this room… I have no idea how they managed to capture them.”

Steve searched the room and found the controls for the energy field and powered it down. The superpowered heroes, were free! Some of them fell to the ground as they woke up. Toast Girl looked up at the three people who saved everybody. “You… saved us. Thank you so much!” She said as she rose from her knees.

Jack was ecstatic at having saved people he considered his own heroes. But he hid his excitement, focusing on the task at hand. “It’s not time to celebrate yet! Superpowered heroes, go down to the ground and control the streets, they’ve turned to chaos without you” he said. Oblitalion created a portal down to the streets below and every powered hero stepped through.

Ross the Boss turned to the trio before he stepped through the portal, “what about you dudes?” he asked.

Colina smiled at him, “We’ve got a world to save!” She replied.

Jack looked around the room and found the control panel. He had an idea that might just work. He pressed down a button that was big and red. And the trio then ran out quickly and hopped into the Jetpack Car.

The spaceship exploded in the air like a firework. Down on the ground Jack, Steve, and Colina stood in the street. The superheroes that had powers, gathered in front of them. “Who are you guys?” a hero asked. Jack smiled proudly “We are True Power, and we will always be here to help save the day.”

THE END – OLIVER BOARDMAN